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A True Soldier.

Mr. R. H. Morse, known all over this section as "Dick Morse," took his own life by hanging at the hospital for the insane at Morganton last Saturday, his mind being unbalanced. He was 71 years of age and a true "soldier of the cross" if there ever was one. As a tribute to his memory, done by a sympathetic hand, we give our editorial space today to the following article by Mr. Wade H. Harris, the well known editor of the Charlotte Chronicle:

"Poor Dick! We knew him in what he called his 'sinful days,' and we can remember when, with the death, twenty or more years ago, of a son in whom his heart had been wrapped, his mind became stunned—lost its balance and never regained it. He had conceived the idea, justly or unjustly, that he had not been the proper sort of father to the boy and he embarked on a career of atonement, as he conceived it. He lacked education; his speech was crude, but his soul was filled with zeal. At first his street harangues created only amusement. But it is a fact that Dick Morse applied the match that started the prohibition fire in Charlotte. At the outset of his crusade, there were fifteen or twenty saloons in Charlotte and there were a number of wide-open gambling houses. Day and night by night, the earnest but discordant voice of the "crank" was heard on the streets of Charlotte. Rambling at first, he finally centred his batteries on the preachers of the city. He put it up to them squarely. He held them responsible for conditions in the city and he urged his point so vehemently that the Ministerial Association finally called a meeting. Mr. J. D. McCall was mayor at that time. The town had been excited over the killing of a woman in a gambling saloon. The wide open gambling houses were the scandal of the town. The Ministerial Association demanded of Mayor McCall why he did not close them up. The mayor stated that if the preachers would close the feeders to the gambling houses—the saloons—he would drive the gamblers out of town. Thereupon began the campaign which eliminated the saloons and the gambling houses from Charlotte. And it was Dick Morse, in his groping, stumbling, illiterate way, that did it. We shall not doubt that he had the protection of providence in his wanderings. He appeared as a stranger in strange places all over the country. He went right to the doors of what he called the "hell holes." Many times he was arrested and cast into prison, but always resumed his journeyings triumphantly. The last experience of his eccentric evangelistic career was in New York City, and there he was buffeted, strapped and put up against it hard. His fight there against the devil and all his works seems to have depressed the spirit of Mr. Morse with the hopelessness of it all. To a friend who had helped him out to the extent of ten dollars, he said: "I have been through Satan's strongholds in nearly all the cities of the country and yet have not seen the half of it." Again, Poor Dick! He meant to do good, and he did do good. It is a comforting thought that rest has come to his troubled brain. We are glad that we were always patient with him—glad that he would always leave us with the impression that he had not bothered us, and that we would guide his groping hand as best we could—for we knew that Dick Morse was a nugget which would assay the purest gold."

Death of Mrs. Katie Foard.

Correspondence.

On last Thursday evening, Feb. 29, 1912, the death angel came into the home of Mr. Sam Foard and snatched the spirit of his loving wife into the unknown.

She was 23 years of age, and was a member of the Methodist church at Patrick, S. C., where she lived until last May when she married and moved near Mill Grove church to spend the last days of her life with new friends and loved ones.

She leaves her husband, an infant child, father, mother and several brothers and sisters, besides many friends and relatives who mourn her loss. Before she died she called them to her bedside and told them how to care for her child after she had crossed over the river.

Chinese Famine.

If China has been facing the greatest political crisis of her history, she has also been facing another crisis—a terrible famine. Three million people are in dire need of help. For five years there have been but scant crops, and last year there was such a severe famine that work animals were eaten, schools were closed, the weak became beggars and the strong became robbers; there was even the sale of wives and daughters, often into lives of vice. This year the situation is worse than ever because benevolent Chinese who have given liberally in the past are now themselves ruined. The country is still in the throes of revolution. A letter just received from an American missionary says that during the past summer terrific typhoons and devastating floods played havoc with immense tracts of farming lands in the neighborhood of Hangchow bay and that the poor rice and cotton farmers, who have had to work day and night knee deep in water, have finally become penniless beggars. Fortunately the American Red Cross is at hand to act as an agent in transmitting American relief for which President Taft as President of the Red Cross has already made an urgent appeal. It should be heeded. Any funds sent to Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, Treasurer, Number One Madison Avenue, New York City, will be forwarded by cable, without any deduction for expenses, and will be expended to give relief only in return for labor, except in the case of those unable to work. The labor is to consist in the building and repairing of dikes and canals, and in such other work as will help to prevent the recurrence of floods and famine.—The Outlook.

A Batch of Unionville Personals.

Correspondence.

Mrs. Tom Boyd of Indian Trail spent a few days last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gula.

Mr. Twigs Boger and his sister, Miss Willie, of Concord spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Dr. D. T. Boger.

Mrs. I. C. Clontz spent a few days last week at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. A. Jerome.

Mr. Hubert James recently returned home from Blewett Falls, where he has been working for some time.

Miss Myrtle Price of Monroe spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Ailie Presson.

Mr. H. M. Williams spent a few days in Charlotte and Concord last week on business.

Elder Walter Edwards spent Saturday night at the home of Mr. J. T. Price.

Miss Vergie Simpson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Vernon Mullis, who has been sick for some time.

Miss Annie Yandle spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Stout.

Misses Ella Crowell and Bertha Price spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Buren Helms.

Miss Josephine Modlin spent Saturday and Sunday at her home near Centre church.

Mrs. W. A. Love has been sick for several days.

Quite an excitement was created here last Friday, when it was discovered that the school building was on fire, but by the swift work of the citizens the fire was extinguished with little damage done.

"Y. D. K."

The Hum! Dog Song.

Democrats with poetry in their souls are coming to bat in every part of the United States with protests against any further abuse of the "Old Houn' Dog."

Years ago some unknown poet of the Ozarks wrote a few homely verses on a certain hound which everyone seemed to have a desire to kick around, and now that Missouri has supplied a likely candidate for the Presidency, this plain ballad from the zinc laden hills of Missouri has leaped into national fame. A Washington newspaper has offered a prize for additional verses. Even members of Congress are competing.

The first verse of the original song runs as follows:

Every time I come to town
The boys start kickin' my daws
around;

Makes no difference if he is a houn'.

They gotta quit kickin' my daws around.

Taking this for their cue, the poets got busy as follows:

Champ's on the hunt with his old houn'

And he's gettin' votes in every town.

The people are gatherin' for miles around

To vote for him and his Ozark houn'

Every time the door bell rings

Somebody raises the price of things

Makes no difference if we're as rich as kings

They gotta quit boostin' the price o' THINGS.

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LIVES AND WRITINGS. UNLIKE

Men of Letters Often Have Described Best That Which They Never Have Experienced.

Finally, a man of genius, when he writes a book, and "all the good comes rushing into his soul," is in an abnormal state, and hence, the lives of men of letters have often been in glaring contrast to their writings. Montaigne tells us that he always observed super-celestial opinions to be accompanied with subterranean morals; on the other hand, the most latitudinarian professors of epicureanism have often lived like anchorites or trappists. Some of the best sea songs have been written by men who never snuffed a salt water breeze; stirring war songs have been written by timid men and women who would have shrieked at the sight of a mouse; and hymns steeped in the very spirit of devotion have been written by men of doubtful morality, who were never less at home than in a Christian church. Charles Lamb was ready to wager that Milton's morning hymn in Paradise was penned at midnight; and we know positively that Thompson, who sang the praises of early rising in the "Seasons," used to lie abed till noon. Sir Richard Steele could discourse eloquently on temperance—when he was not drunk; Woodworth, in his "Old Oaken Bucket," sang the praise of cold water under the inspiration of brandy. Doctor Johnson, who wrote so well on politeness, interrupted his opponents with "You lie, sir!" "You are a vile Whig, sir!" Burns was a compound of "dirt and delity;" Rousseau, who was always filling people's eyes with tears, betrayed and slandered his benefactors in turn, and sent his children to the foundlings hospital. When Moore proposed to Scott to go and see Melrose Abbey, as Sir Walter had described it, by moonlight, "Pooh, pooh," said Scott, "you don't suppose I ever saw it by moonlight!"—William Matthews.

RULER MAKES THE SEASONS

When Emperor of China Declares It Is Summer People All Doff White Clothing.

The emperor of China has some strange duties. One of these is the ordering of the seasons. It is summer in America when the sun warms the earth, and not until then, but in China, it is summer when the emperor (or, at the present time, the regent) says it is summer. As soon as the emperor declares that summer has come everybody in China puts off winter clothing, and arrays himself in summer garb, no matter what his feelings on the subject may be. All domestic arrangements are made to suit the season, as proclaimed by the emperor, although they may not suit the individual at all.

The nearest approach to the Chinese system of ordering the seasons is the practice observed in France in all public buildings. There it is winter on and after October 1. Fires are then lighted in all government offices, and the employes exchange their white summer waistcoats for the thicker and darker ones of winter. At that date the public libraries are closed at four, and in the streets the sellers of toasted chestnuts make their appearance. In official France it is winter, no matter what the weather may say, and no matter what unofficial France may think.

Ruskin as a Grocer.

Ruskin was once a grocer. In 1878 he opened a shop in Paddington street, Notting Hill, in order, as he announced, "to supply the poor with pure tea in packets as small as they choose to buy, without making a profit on the subdivision, larger orders being, of course, equally acceptable from anybody who cares to promote honest dealing." The shop did not attract, Ruskin complained in "Fors Clavigera" that "the poor only like to buy their tea where it is brilliantly lighted and eloquently ticketed; and as I resolutely refuse to compete with my neighboring tradesmen, either in gas or rhetoric, the patient subdivision of my parcels passes little recognized as an advantage by my uncalculating public." The shop soon closed down, and the grocery trade lost the most distinguished representative it is ever likely to possess.—London Chronicle.

He Called It Luck.

Michael Meehan was the proud possessor of a brand new silk high hat. At the wake of his dearest enemy he had guarded it carefully, and as a consequence was strolling home with the tile unscathed. As he passed the site of a building operation, a woman acquaintance nodded pleasantly. With an ostentatious wave of the hat, which exhibited it to excellent advantage, Michael bowed. At the same moment a brick sailed down from an upper floor and bounced from his bared skull. Upon coming to, he inquired anxiously for the hat. A bystander restored it unharmed. Mike felt the egg-size lump on his head occasioned by the impact of the brick, and then regarded his undamaged tile. "B'gorry," he sighed in satisfaction, "it's lucky it is I saw the lady in toime!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

No More Pudding.

Margaret, a little girl of four, was visiting her grandparents. There were a number of aunts who were somewhat careful of her looks as well as morals. When ready to go home Margaret said: "When I get home I'm not going to wash my feet, I'm not going to say my prayers, and I am not going to put pudding on my face."

BIG SPRING ATTRACTIONS IN OUR GENT'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.



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Arrow Shirts \$1.50
Monarch " \$1.00

Arrow Collars in 1/4 Sizes.

This is one of our many styles in Arrow collars shown here and that they do not gape open, sag down or pinch can be seen. Try the only real, close fitting collar made—the one with the "notch" at 15c. each, 2 for 25c.

OXFORDS

Our first shipment of Just Wright Oxfords for men are now in stock in snappy styles of Tans, Gun Metals, Vics and Patent Leathers at \$4.00 per pair.



W. H. BELK & BRO., Department Store

Monroe, : : North Carolina.

OVER THE SHOSHONE FALLS

Except Fish, a Red Collie Is Only Animal That Has Made Plunge and Survived.

The only living thing except the fish that has ever gone over the Shoshone Falls in Idaho and came through alive is Shep, a red collie belonging to a hotel man in Shoshone. At Shoshone the Snake River plunges into a cavern with less than a foot between the surface of the rushing waters and the roof of jagged rock. Sharp-toothed rocks bristle above the swirling currents, and cruel stones project from the slippery sides. From this subterranean passage the river emerges on the edge of a great canyon, over the brink of which it dashes in a thundering cataract of foam and spray 220 feet to the abyssal depths below. The falls of Shoshone are sixty feet higher than Niagara Falls.

A child pulled Shep's plummy tail one day and Shep bit the child. For this he was promptly condemned to death by his owner, who took him to Snake river and threw him in just outside the cavern, and when Shep, battling bravely for his life, was swept out of sight into its mysterious mouth, he was considered a dead dog.

Half an hour later a boy hurried into the hotel and informed Shep's master that his collie was sitting on a half submerged rock below the falls howling for help. Filled with remorse, the dog's owner hastened to his rescue with ropes and a boat, and half Shoshone attended Shep's triumphal return to his home, where his penitent owner gave him the best in the larder and a soft cushion behind the bar for the rest of his days. Beyond a few trifling scratches and the loss of his toe nails, the dog was none the worse for his terrible experience.

BURGLAR WAS MARRIED MAN

Little Story of the Housebreaker, the Victim and the Too Skeptical Wife.

"I woke up suddenly the other night and thought I heard a burglar in the room. I sat up in bed and that woke my wife."

"What did she do?"

"She accused me, as usual, of having a burglar bug. Said I'd never hear a real burglar if I live a thousand years. I said I'd bet I would. She said she'd bet I wouldn't. And just then a shadowy form rose from behind the dresser and a hoarse voice exclaimed, 'He wins, ma'am!'"

"Did you catch him?"

"Catch him! I didn't try. I just lay there and laughed, and heard him slam the door and run down the street. And say, my wife was so mad she didn't speak to me for a whole day. But I'll bet one thing."

"What is it?"

"I'll bet that burglar was a married man."

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Phone 69

Monroe, N. C.



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